LITTLE STORIES OF BRAVERY

There are instances of bravery which seem like brilliant and momentary inspirations, and are martial and very dramatic. Then there is another sort of thing—the dogged courage, the rock bottom grit, amounting in some cases to heroism, shown by the men of the regular army in the Indian fighting which broke out viciously at the close of the war. As, for example, in this case where half a dozen men of General Mile's command were placed by what seemed at first sight an ordinary order, in extreme peril of their lives. That they survived, to receive Medals of Honor, is due to their unquenchable courage, of which the plains cavalry and scouts had constant need in those years.

During the sumer of 1874, there occurred in the Southwest a general uprising of the Cheyenne, Arapaho, and Comanche tribes. Their trails led everywhere, from the Colorado mountains across desert, plain, and ravine to the turbid, monotonously rolling rivers of the Panhandle of Texas and Indian Territory. The scattered ranches were practically helpless; the dust of the swift ward parties invariably signified to the army scouts that there had been ruthless killing, robbery, and burning not far away. In pursuit of one of these bands was General Miles, then Colonel of a regiment. The chase had been unusually long and severe; the September sun was insufferable; for days in succession there was not a cloud in the sky; and the hot wind raised clouds of burning dust, whirling it through the air from morning till night.

Beginning Their Hazardous Trip.

From camp near Staked Plains back to the station in Indian Territory was a precarious journey of several days; however, it was necessary to send despatches, and four men and two citizen scouts were selected to go. They were Sergeant Woodall Privates Smith, Roth, Roth, and Harrington of the Sixth Cavalry, and Scouts Dixon and Chapman. Toward evening when the sun was setting with a ruddy glow, the party mounted and started on the way, leaving behind them among officers and men a feeling of deep, though unexpressed, apprehension. Nothing smaller than a troop off cavalry had a fair chance out alone in that country. However, the men rode away quietly and confidently; taey slept in the open that night; and the next day, from dawn till sundown, seeing nothing of the Indians, the tireless step of their well seasoned horses rang on the hard dry turf. They were now in a slightly rolling geountry, crossed by occasional ravines.

The next morning, after riding for about two hours, they saw what each man had been silently looking for, a party of Indians. The savages were some distance off, but it was plainly to be seen that there was a great many of them, moving rapidly on their fleet ponies. Undoubtedly, their sharpened sense had perceived the soldiers, marked against the sky, even before the trooperss discovered them. Between them lay a ravine; th soldiers struck off for this shelter without a moment's delay, while the Indians roade hard toward it from the other side. Just then Chapman sighted with dismay another party circling across the prarie to join the first.

The ravine, which was neither deep nor wide, proved little better than a trap for them; for as they drove into it as fast as their horses could carry them down the steep, rocky sides, and flung themselves to the ground, almost at the same instant a number of Indians came charging along the bottom and stampeded the horses. On all sides appeared the gleaming, muscular bodies, painted faces streaked with oil, and snaky eyes, and lank black hair of the Cheyennes. Their fearful yells, the way they brandished their rifles in one hand above their heads, showed that they were making ready to rush the soldiers in a body. Yet they held off, firing scattering shots, and keepingg up a ceaseless, hideous clamor.

"We've got to get out of this!" exclaimed the sergeant. Just tnen the humming sound of a bullet in its path stopped abruptly, with the ominous soft sound made only when it strikes some one. He looked around and saw that Smith had been shot in the arm. "Come on, boys!" he cried; and in a compact body they ran straight toward the Indians nearest them. The savages left an opening, and they dashed through; and in spite of the rain of bullets poured into them, managed to reach a little knoll, behind which they immediately dropped flat, and turned their Spencer rifles upon the Indians.

The Cheyennes put their ponies to a run and circled about; the warriors were naked, except for moccasins and cartridge belts and their gorgeou s feather war bonnets. A party of them would sweep in at top speed, rise in their stirrups and discharggo their rifless, and then whirl back with a clatter of hoofs, in a cloud of dust. The medicine man, wearing a wilder and more elaborate headgear, surmounted by two buffalo horns, rode everywhere, his eagle feathers streaming in the wind urging the warriors to ride the soldiers down. This, however, they were not in a hurry to do, for the markmanship of the scouts involved too great a sacrifice of life.

Waiting for the Crisis.

As for the latter, what could they do? Their ammunition would not last forever, and each man knew that after a time there would be less bravado and more deadly business in the tactics of the savages.

The medicine man suddenly dismounted and, pistol in hand, walked deliberately toward them. He was a tall, powerful Indian; by his carriage and contemptuous expression, it was manifest that his intention was to inspire his comrades. As soon as he drew within range, and before he could fire his revolver, Dixon shot, and the medicine man instantly fell. While a terrible din of shouting and firing, the whole body of Indians then charged, some riding, others walking, and the white men were forced to jump up and rush through them as before. By great good fortune they came to a buffalo wallow, a dry mud hole in the prarie, and this afforded a real protection.

But Woodall, Harrington, and Roth were wounded, and Smith, who had been brought to the ground by a bullet during the desperate run, lay out of the plain.

Without uttering a word to the others, Amos Chapman, the scout, laid down his rifle and started back for him. When he got to Smith and tried to lift the limp body, it slipped from his arms. Then the scout bent down and got the other across his back, and staggered off. They knew the scout well. They grimaced at him as they slung their rifles into position. "Amos, Amos!" they yelled, "we've got you now!"

Chapman reached for his revolver, but he could not use it with a heavy man upon his back. At this moment the soldiers fired a sharp volley, followed by several others, and the savage rode off as quickly as they had come. Another party lashed up. This time the scout went down, with Smith on top of him. He thought he had only stepped into a hole. He got up again somehow, and under cover of the hot fire of his comrades managed to carry the man the rest of the way.

"Amos," said Dixon, "look at your leg! You are badly hurt."

At this moment the scout began to be conscious of a burning pain; he saw that his leg was bloody.

The Savage's Puzzling Tactics.

For the rest of the day the Indians remained at a distance. The soldiers were puzzled to think what new plan the savages would attempt to carry out. About a hundred yards to the northeast the grass grew waist high in one place, and at least one of their number was always watching this spot with a plainsman's peculiar gaze, for a slight movement of the blades might mean the presence of concealed braves. At bottom, the men felt in their hearts that it was practically all over with them; that the Cheyennes were simply biding their time.

The sun went down in a bank of long gray clouds, and night came on, dark and thick. A gloomy silence enveloped the soldiers; after counting their ammunition, they had discovered that no more than eight rounds apiece remained remained. It was misty, and the air felt cold; big drops of rain began to spatter on the hard bottom of the willow, and finally it came down in a steady pour, creating muddy pools where they were lying. Although this added to the discomfort and misery of the wounded, it afforded relief to their thirst, which now that the tension was a little relaxed, seemed unendurable. The hours passed Smith, who had the most serious would of all, lay in an obscure mass at one side; he was out of his head, and muttered nonsense all the while.

In the morning, under the bare, white arch of the sky, the men, with their livid, soiled countenances, scarcely found courage to look at one another; but they were as watchful as before. Every now and then a mass of Indians would come into view in the distance.

Absent Mindedness.

Professor Gildersleeve, instructor in Greek at John Hopkins University, tion. He saw a puff of smoke rise slowly in the damp air; then another. The savages were firing, but not at them.

May be it's the advance guard of the wagon train," Woodall muttered in a half whisper; "or some of the boys from the fort," thought others. And now a sudden revulsion of feeling went through them; just as a few minutes before they had felt that escape was impossible, that their death was close at hand, now they felt sure of the rescue.

And, in fact, in a few brief moments, they saw the Indians break up into small groups of horsemen and fly off in all directions over the prairie. Pursuing them were Price's Cavalry.

Poor Smith had died; the others came out from the wallow and showed themselves. They were at once mounted on horses and taken as quickly as possible to camp.

The story of their fight against odds of twenty-five to one was made by Miles the subject of a special report to the War Department. He asked that this "instance of indomitable courage, skill, and true heroism" be fitly recognized. And each one of the survivors was awarded a Medal of Honor.—Carl Hovey in New York Tribune.

ing. Standing on the steps, he noticed that some workmen were engaged in the digging of a trench in the street. Immediately he went inside and remained until the work was completed, when he ventured forth, the idea that he could walk around the place being repaired never having occurred to him.

Don't.

Don't get weary climbing, don't think all the way
The hills will hide the glory of the valleys of the day!
Don't get weary toiling, but try to do your best,
Ans soon the dream will drift you to the rivelets of rest!

Baltimore Sun.

An Accomodating Visitor.

The brainstorm is a curious thing;
It doesn't come to stay;
But lets its victim have its fling,
Without regrets this ought to bring,
And then it clears away.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Criminal Attack

on an inoffensive citizen is frequently made in that apparently useless little tube called the "appendix." It's generally the result of protracted constipation, followed liver torpor. Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, prevent appendicitis, and establish regular habits of the bowels. [illegible] The Ideal Pharmacy.